

FRANCIS & DAY'S
No. 1
COMMUNITY
SONG ALBUM
FOR ALL OCCASIONS

CONTAINING 32 COMPLETE SONGS
WITH FULL WORDS, MUSIC, TONIC SOL-FA AND UKULELE ARRANGEMENT

Contents :

PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES
I LOVE A LASSIE
ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'
JUST LIKE THE IVY
AFTER THE BALL

TERRY MY BLUE-EYED IRISH BOY

AIDE WITH ME
ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
AULD LANG SYNE
SAY OF BISCAY
CAMP TOWN RACES
COME BACK TO ERIN
FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN
GLORY TO THEE MY GOD THIS
NIGHT
GOOD NIGHT, LADIES
HEARTS OF OAK
I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN,
KATHLEEN
JOHN PEEL

KILLIECRANKIE
KEEL ROW
LOCH LOMOND
MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA
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OLD FOLKS AT HOME
RIO GRANDE
SALLY IN OUR ALLEY
SHENANDOAH
SO EARLY IN DE MORNING
SWEET GENEVIEVE
TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE
KILLARNEY

FRANCIS, DAY & HUNTER, LTD.
10, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2

PRICE

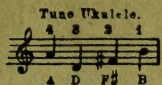
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"PACK UP YOUR TROUBLES IN YOUR OLD KIT-BAG."

Written by
GEORGE ASAF



Composed by
FELIX POWELL.

Tempo di marcia.

KEY G

1. Pri - vate Perks is a fun - ny lit - tle cod - ger With a smile
2. Pri - vate Perks went a march - ing in - to Flan - ders With his smile
3. Pri - vate Perks he came back from Bosch - e - shoot - ing With his smile

a fun - ny smile Five - feet none he's an art - ful lit - tle
his fun - ny smile He was loved by the pri - vates and com -
his fun - ny smile Round his home he then set a - bout re -

dod - ger With a smile a sun - ny smile Flush or broke, he'll
man - ders For his smile his sun - ny smile When a throng of
cruit - ing With his smile his sun - ny smile He told all his

have his lit - tle joke He can't be sup - pressed. All the
Ger - mans came a - long With a migh - ty swing, Perks yelled
pals, the short, the tall. What a time he'd had; And as

oth - er fel-lows have to grin When he gets this off his chest,
out "This lit-tle bunch is mine! Keep your heads down, boys, and sing Shout
each en-list-ed like a man, Pri-vate Perks said, "Now, my lad,

Hi!
Hi!
Hi!

CHORUS 2nd time *f*

"Pack up your troubles in your old kit-bag, And smile, smile, smile.

well marked.

While you've a lu-ci-fer to light your fag, Smile, boys, that's the style. What's the

8 8 8 8

use of wor-ry-ing?— It nev-er was worth while, so Pack up your trou-bles in your

8 8 8 8

old kit-bag And smile, smile, smile.

ff

Fine.

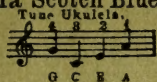
D.C.

I LOVE A LASSIE.

3

Or, Ma Scotch Bluebell.

Written by
HARRY LAUDER and
GERALD GRAFTON.



Composed by
HARRY LAUDER.

Allegro moderato.

KEY C

1. I love a las-sie, a bon-nie Hie-lan' las-sie, If ye saw her you would
 2. I love a las-sie, a bon-nie Hie-lan' las-sie, She can war-ble like a
 3. I love a las-sie, a bon-nie Hie-lan' las-sie, I could sit and let her

fan-cy her as well; I met her in Sep-tem-ber, popped the
 black-bird in the dell. She's an an-gel ev-'ry Sun-day, but a
 tease me for a week; For the way she keeps be-hav-in', well, I

ques-tion in No-vem-ber, So I'll soon be hav-in' her a' to ma-sel'.
 jol-ly lass on Mon-day; She's as mod-est as her name-sake, the blue-bell.
 nev-er pay for shav-in', 'Cause she rubs ma whis-kers clean off with her' cheek.

Her fauth-er has con-sent-ed, so I'm feel-in' quite con-tent-ed 'Cause I've
 She's nice, she's neat, she's ti-dy, and I meet her ev-'ry Fri-day; That's a
 And un-der-neath ma bon-net, where the hair was, there's none on it, For the

been and sealed the bargain wi' a kiss I sit and wea-ry, wea-ry, when I
spe-cial nicht you bet I nev-er miss I'm en-char-ed, I'm en-rap-tured, since ma
way she pats ma head has made me bald I ken she means no harm, for she'll

think a - boot ma dear-y, An' you'll al - ways hear me sing - ing this: —
heart the dar - lin' cap - tured, She's in - tox - i - ca - ted me with bliss. —
keep me nice and warm On the frost - y nichts sae ve - ry cauld.

CHORUS *2nd time f*

"I love a las-sie, a bon-nie, bon-nie las-sie, She's as pure as the li-ly in the

dell. She's as sweet as the heather, The bon-nie bloom-in' heather,

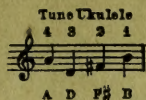
Ma-ry, ma Scotch Blue - bell. bell."

fz Fine

AFTER THE BALL.

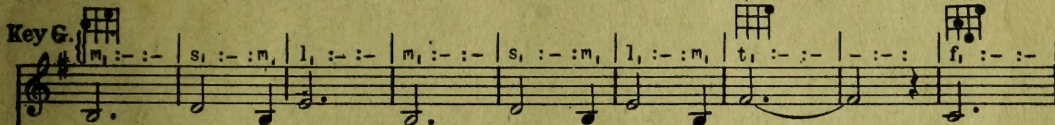
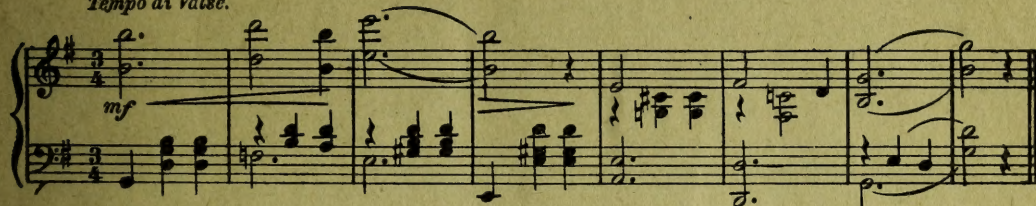
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Written and Composed by
CHAS. K. HARRIS.

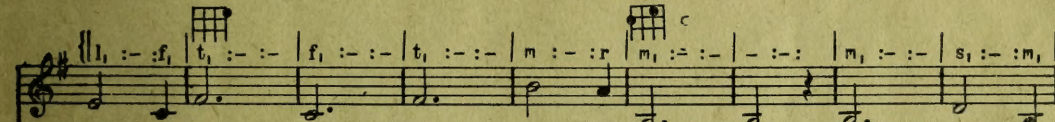
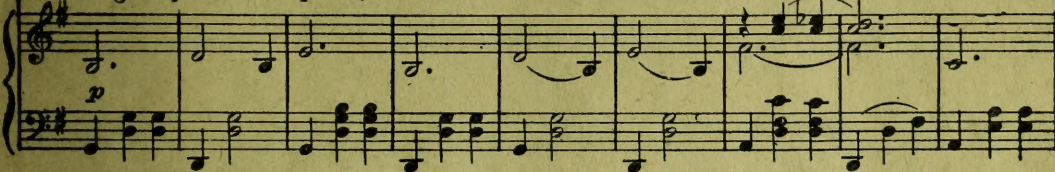


Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

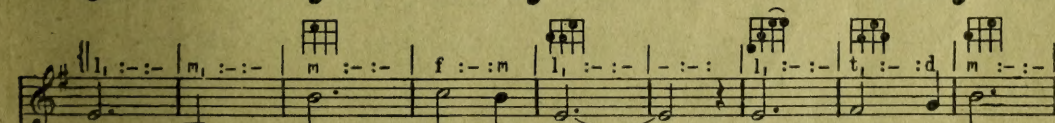
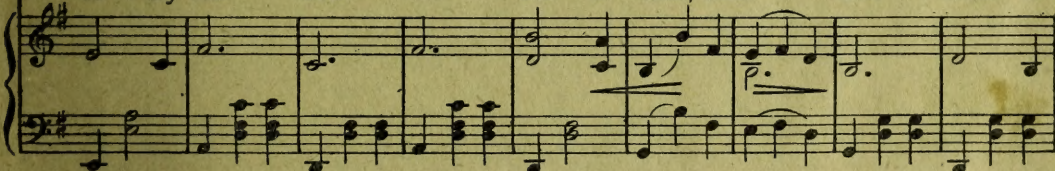
Tempo di Valse.



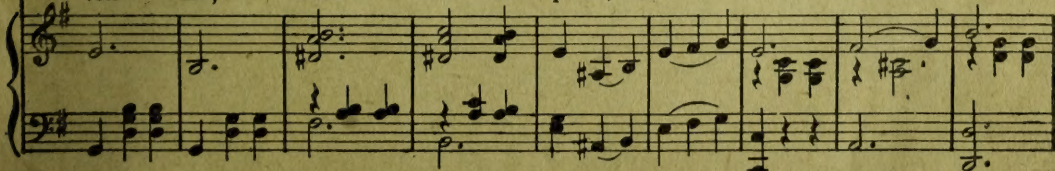
1. Once a youngmaid - en climb'd an old man's knee, — Begg'd
2. "Bright lights were gleam - ing in the grand ball - room — Soft -
3. "Long years have pass'd, child, I have nev - er wed, — True



for 'a sto - ry, "Do un - cle, please, — Why are you
ly the mus - ic play - ing sweet tunes — There came my
to my lost love tho' she is dead; — She tried to



sin - gle, why live a - lone? — Have you no ba -
sweet - heart, my love, my own, — 'I wish some wa -
tell me, tried to ex - plain, — I would not lis -



s₁ : - : - : | r : - : - : | t₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : - : | - : - : | d : - : - : | m : - : d | t₁ : - : - : | s₁ : - : - : |

bies, have you no home?" "I had a sweet - heart,
 ter, leave me a - lone?" When I re - turn'd dear,
 ten plead - ings were vain — One day a let - ter

t₁ : - : - : | t₁ : - : d | s₁ : - : - : | - : - : | l₁ : - : - : | t₁ : - : d | s₁ : - : - : | d : - : - : | l₁ : - : - : |

years, years a - go; — Where is she now, pet, you
 there stood a man — Kiss - ing my sweet - heart, as
 came from that man, — He was her bro - ther, the

t₁ : - : d | r : - : - : | - : - : | m₁ : - : - : | s₁ : - : m₁ | l₁ : - : - : | m₁ : - : - : | m : - : - : | f : - : m |

will soon know — List to my sto - ry I'll tell it
 lov - ers can. — Down fell the glass, pet, bro - ken, that's
 let - ter ran, — That's why I'm lone - ly, no home at

l₁ : - : - : | - : - : | l₁ : - : l₁ | t₁ : - : d | m : - : - : | s₁ : - : - : | r : - : - : | t₁ : - : s₁ | d : - : - : | - : - : |

all — I be - liev'd her faith - less, Af - ter the Ball" —
 all — Just as my heart was Af - ter the Ball" —
 all; — I broke her heart, pet, Af - ter the Ball" —

"Af-ter the ball is o - ver, af-ter the break of morn,

Af-ter the danc - ers leav - ing, af-ter the stars are

gone; Ma-ny a heart is ach - ing if you could

read them all, Ma-ny the hopes that have van -

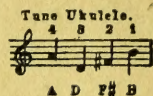
ish'd, Af - - ter the Ball"

Ball"

Fine

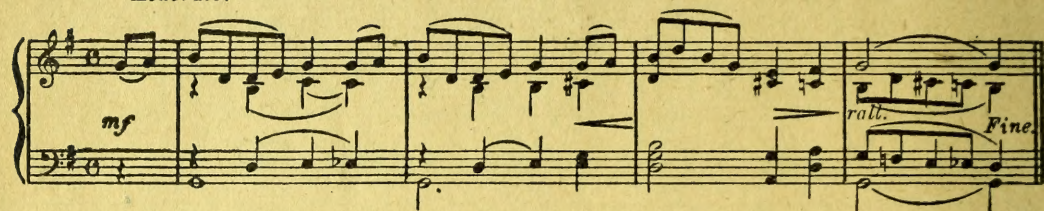
JUST LIKE THE IVY, I'LL CLING TO YOU.

Written and
Composed by

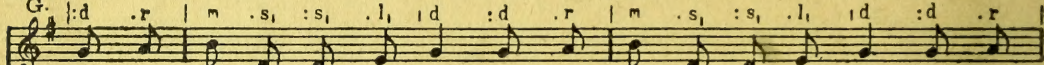


A. J. MILLS and
HARRY CASTLING.

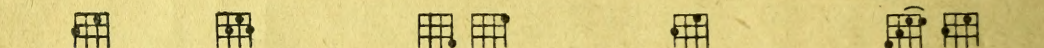
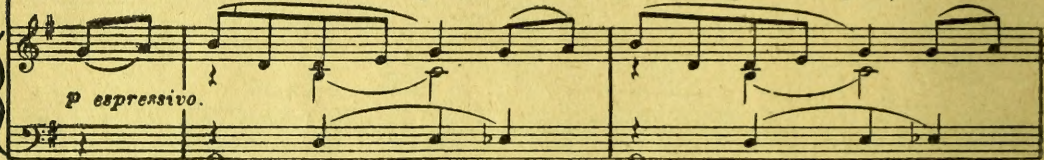
Moderato.



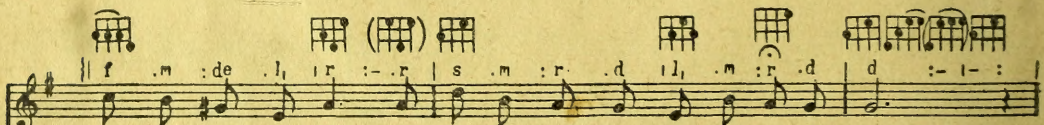
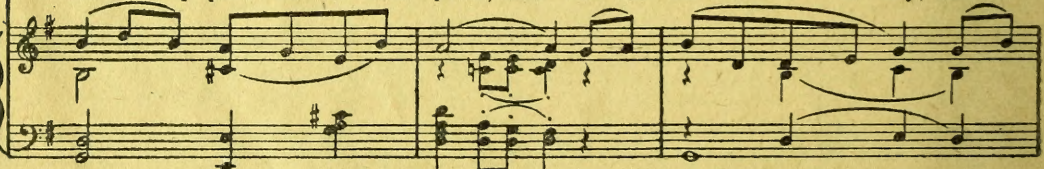
KEY



1. Gran-dad sat at e-ven-fall 'Neath the dear old gar-den wall, Where the
2. When the i-vy, years a-go' Said the maid-"be-gan to grow, Then that

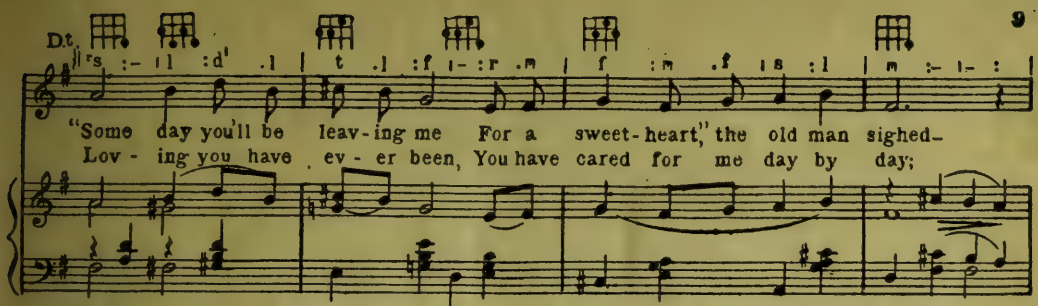


i-vy was cling-ing all a-round; — And a maid-en young and fair, With blue
old wall sup-port-ed it with pride; — Now the old wall's in de-cay, And is

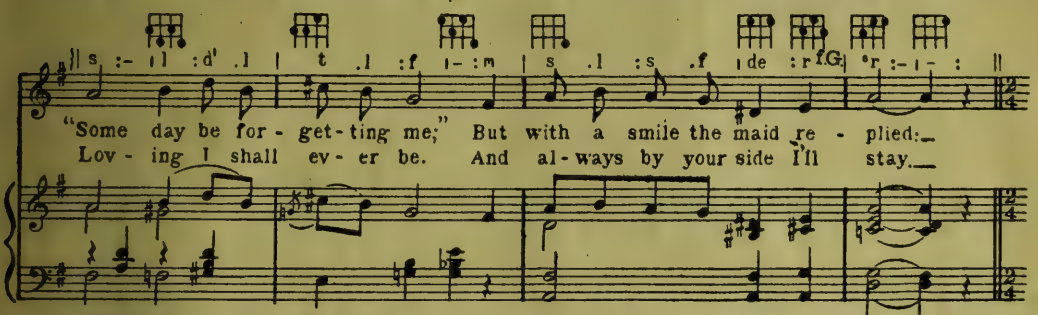


eyes and gold-en hair, Was nest-ling there be-side him on the ground.
crum-bling fast a-way, The i-vy clings more tight-ly to its side.



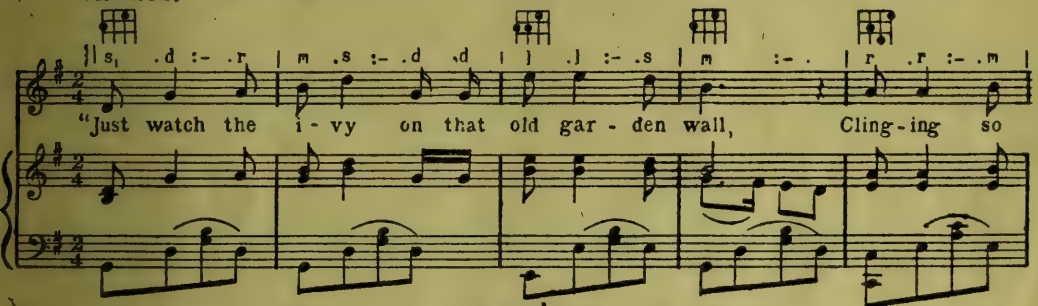
Det. 

"Some day you'll be leav-ing me For a sweet-heart," the old man sighed-
Lov-ing you have ev-er been, You have cared for me day by day;

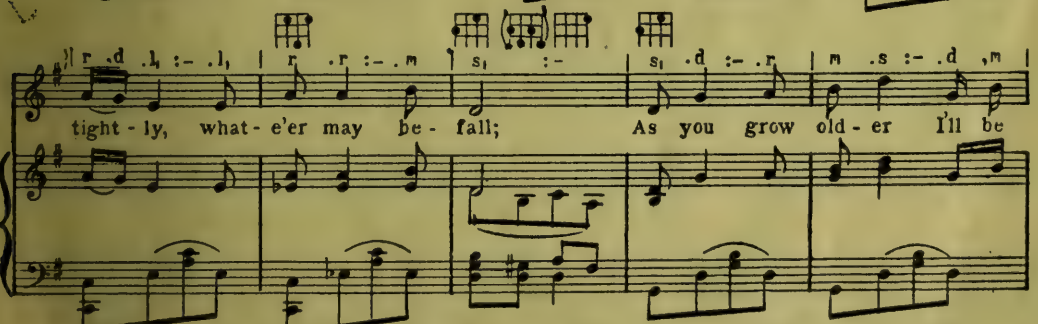


"Some day be for-get-ting me;" But with a smile the maid re-plied-
Lov-ing I shall ev-er be. And al-ways by your side I'll stay-

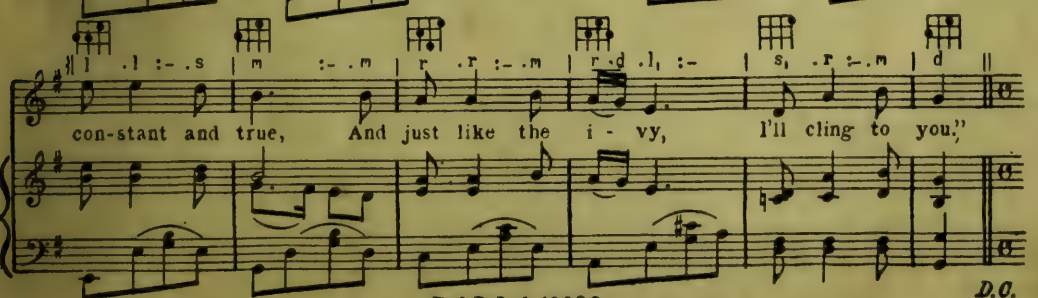
CHORUS.



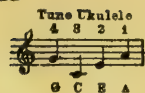
"Just watch the i-vy on that old gar-den wall, Cling-ing so



tight-ly, what-e'er may be-fall; As you grow old-er I'll be



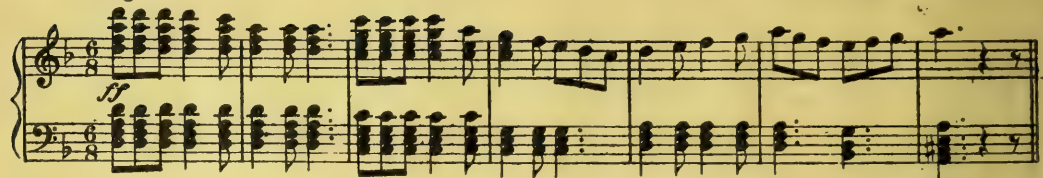
con-stant and true, And just like the i-vy, I'll cling to you,"



KILLIECRANKIE.

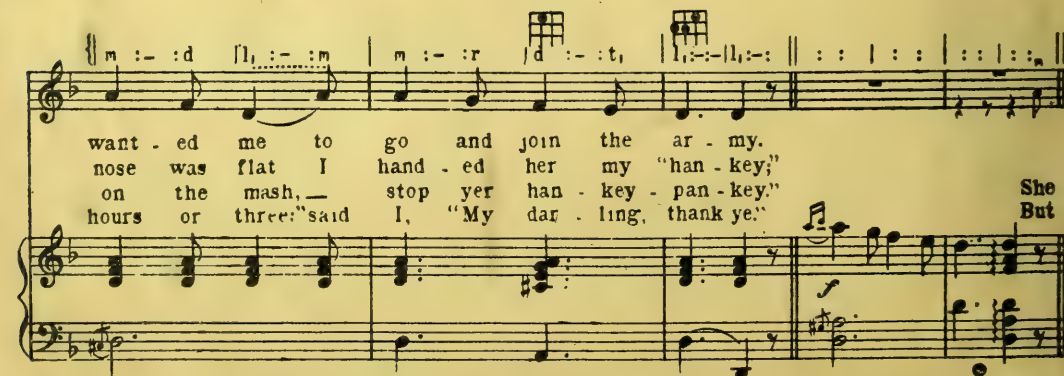
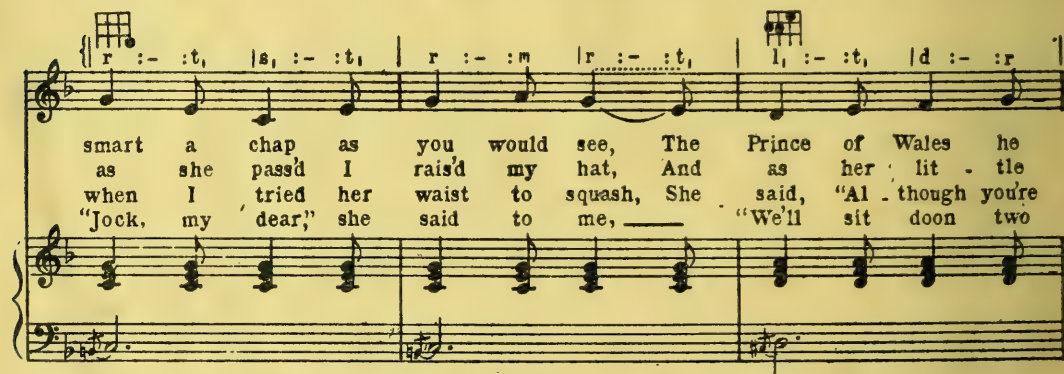
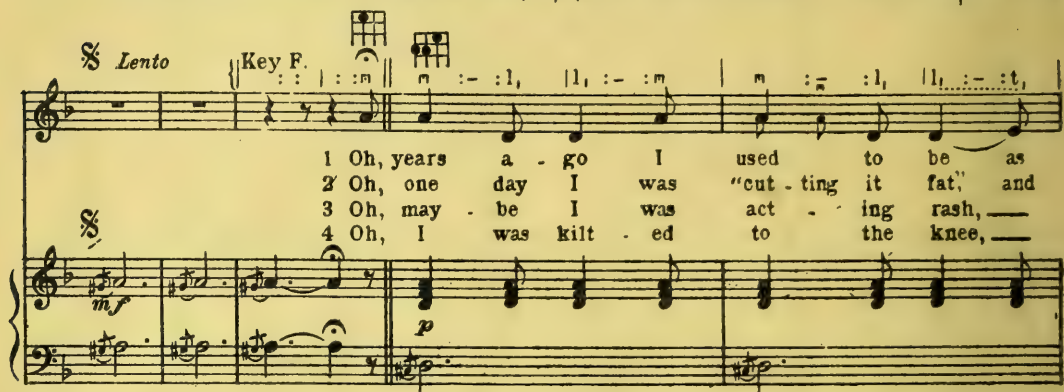
Written and Composed by
HARRY LAUDER

Allegro



Lento

Key F.



Now I'm turn - ing old and frail, — like a dog with - out a tail,
 "Jane," said I "you're look - ing smart, — could you mas - ti - cate a tart?" She
 said that mar - ried we would be, — then she heaved a sigh, you see,
 ve - ry soon I chang'd my tune, For on a this - tle I sat doon And I

And it's all through Jane Mc Phail the lass o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.
 smiled a smole near broke my heart the lass o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.
 Then she heaved a brick at me, on the hills o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.
 near - ly jumped up to the moon on the hills o' Kil - lie - cran - kie.

CHORUS 2nd time *ff*

Too - ral - oo - ral - oo - ral - oo, fal - the - dud - dle - al - the - dud - dle - dy,

She's as sweet as hon - ey - dew The lass o' KU - lie - cran - kie.

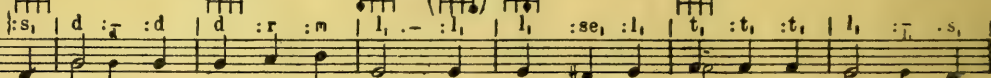
Fine
D.O.

TWO LITTLE GIRLS IN BLUE.

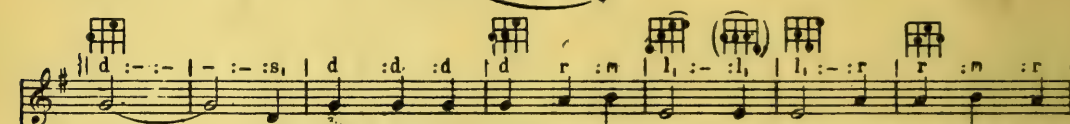
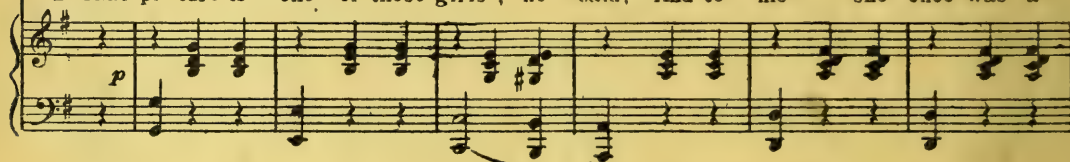
Written and Composed by
CHARLES GRAHAM.*Tempo di Valse.*

KEY

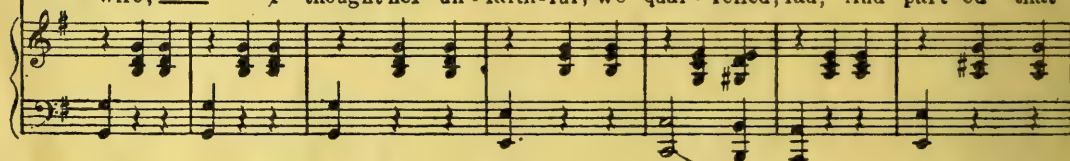
G.



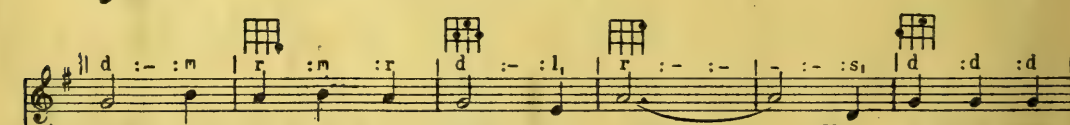
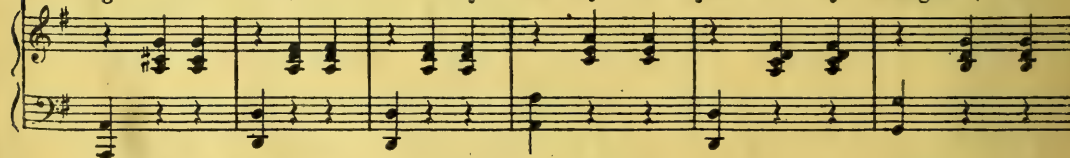
1 An old man gazed on a pho to - graph, in the lock - et he'd worn for
 2 "That pic - ture is one of those girls", he said, "And to me she once was a



years; — His neph - ew then asked him the rea - son why That pic - ture had
 wife, — I thought her un - faith - ful, we quar - relled, lad, And part - ed that



cost him tears. — "Come, lis - ten", he said "I will tell you, my
 night for life, — My fan - cy of jea - lou - sy wronged, a



lad, A sto - ry that's strange but true; Your Fa - ther and
 heart, A heart that was good and true, For two bet - ter



I, at the school one day, Met two lit-tle girls in blue".
girls nev-er lived than they, Those two lit-tle girls in blue".

CHORUS 2nd time *ff*

Two lit-tle girls in blue, lad, two lit-tle girls in blue,

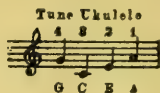
They were sis-ters, we were brothers, and learned to love the two; And

one lit-tle girl in blue, lad, who won your Fa-ther's heart, Be-came your

Moth-er I mar-ried the oth-er, but now we have drift-ed a part part.

ROAMIN' IN THE GLOAMIN'

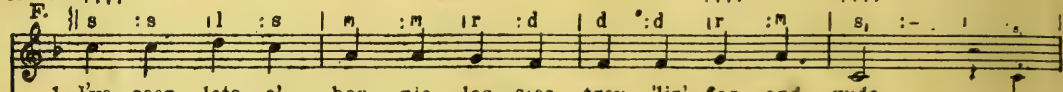
Written and Composed by



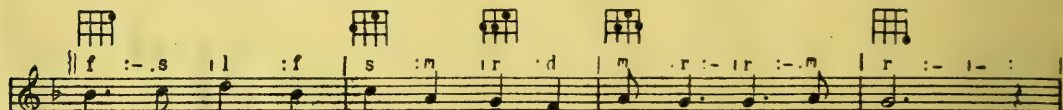
HARRY LAUDER.

Moderato.

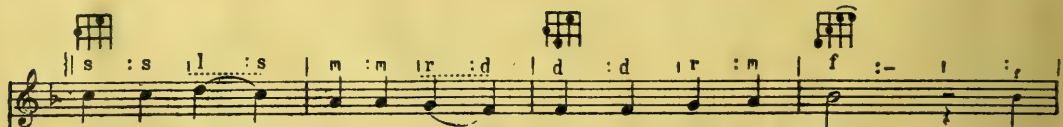
KEY



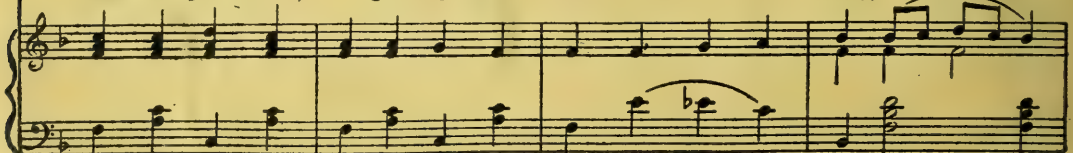
1. I've seen lots o' bon-nie lassies trav-'lin' far and wide,
 2. One night in the gloam-in' we were trip-pin' side by side,
 3. Last night ef-ter stroll-in' we got hame at half-past nine.



But my heart is cen-tred noo on bon-nie Kate Mc-Bride.
 kissed her twice, and asked her once if she would be my bride.
 Sit-tin' at the kitch-en fire I asked her to be mine.



And al-though I'm no a chap that throws a word a-way,
 She was shy,— so was I— we were baith the same,
 When she prom-ised, I got up and danced the Hie-lan' fling, But I've



Ct.

||⁷ : l it : d' | r' : t il : s | r' : - de' | r' : m' | ^f s : - : ||

I'm sur-prised my sel' some-times at a' I've got to say,
I got brave and brav-er on the jour-ney com-in' hame,
just been at the jew'l-ler's and I've picked a nice wee ring.*

* Spoken: Wait till I show you this nice wee ring! (searching pockets) Surely I haven't lost it! No! here it is. Man, when I think on sittin' at the fire last night, an listenin' to the kettle singin'. Chorus

CHORUS 2nd time *ff*

|| : s i - : m m | r : d i - d r | m m : - id : - l | s i : - : ||

Roam-in' in the gloam-in' on the bon-nie banks o' Clyde.

|| d : d id : d | l : s i fe : s | l : r ir : - m | r : - i : s s |

Roam-in' in the gloam-in' wae my las-sie by my side. When the

|| l s : - is : - m | d : - ir : m | s : fe if : r | l i : - i : ||

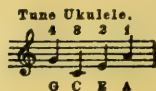
sun has gone to rest, That's the time that we love best.

|| t : t il : s i | t i : l is : m | r : - i : - | d : 1 : | d : - i : ||

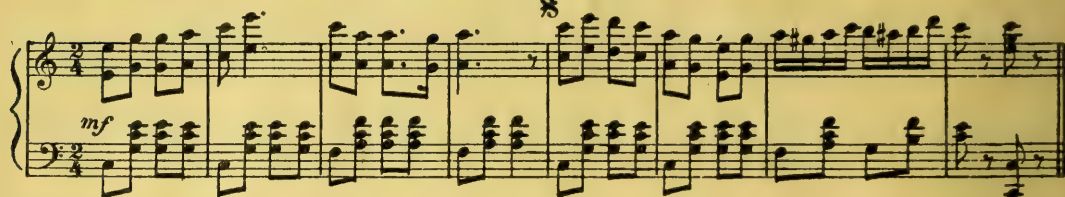
O, it's love-ly roam-in' in the gloam - in' in'

TERRY, MY BLUE-EYED IRISH BOY.

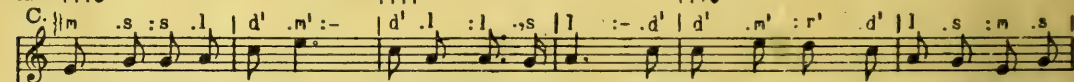
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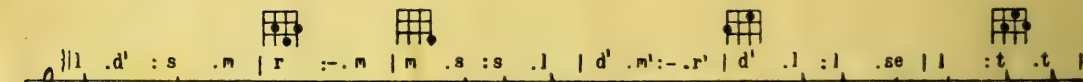
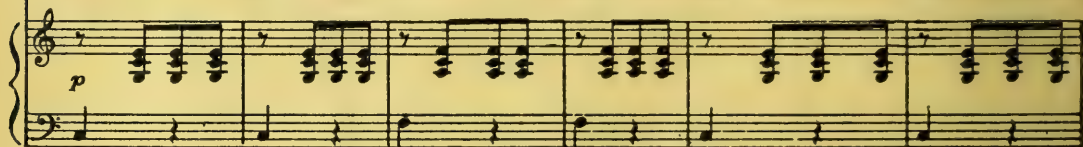
W. J. SCANLAN.

Moderato.

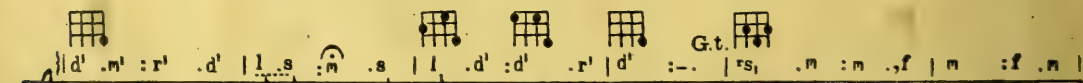
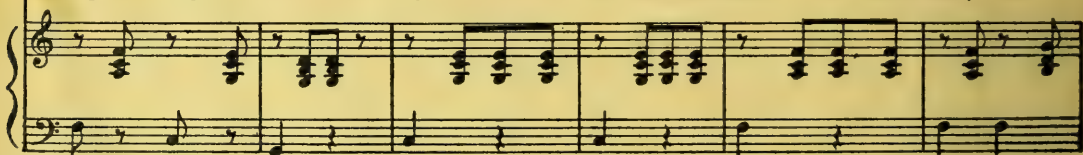
KEY



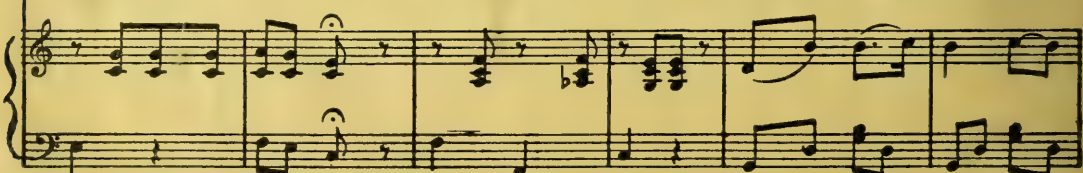
1. There's my mother dar-ling, she whom I love so— My pray'rs and thoughts are with you, dear, no
 2. Oft - en by the fire-side, seat-ed on your knee, You'd fold me close - ly to your breast and



mat-ter where I go; I'll pray for you, dear mother, be it on land or sea, And when
 sing your songs to me; With boy-ish love I'd lis-ten and look in-to your eyes, So



e'er I think of Erin's Isle I'm sure to think of thee. What care I for trou-ble? The
 full of deep af - fec - tion, and blu-er than the skies. Though you've gone and left us, we



17

world is round and wide The thrush, the lark, the cuc-koo, ev- er near,
mourn for ev- er-more Your ab- sence from our lit-tle Isle of green;

Sing-ing out their prais-es in mem-o-ry of thee, The songs we all so dear-ly love to
Dear to us your mem'-ry will fond-er grow each day, Though, moth-er, you'll be ab-sent and un-

CHORUS

CHORUS.

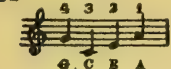
CHORUS.

hear ————— Then, Ter - ry, Ter - ry, do not weep or sigh, —

Musical score for "The Irish Boy". The score is written for voice and piano. The vocal melody is on a single staff with lyrics: "Lay your head up-on my breast, my blue-eyed I-rish boy; Ter-ry, Ter-ry,". The piano accompaniment consists of a left-hand bass line and a right-hand treble line with chords. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/4. The score includes musical notation such as notes, rests, and chords, as well as lyrics and a repeat sign at the end.

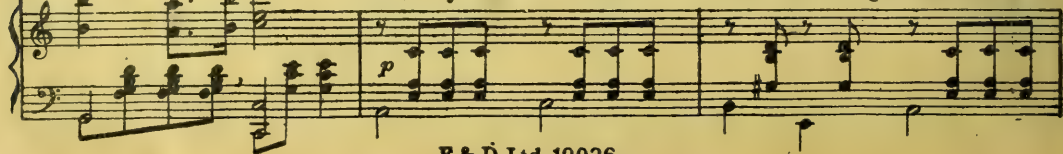
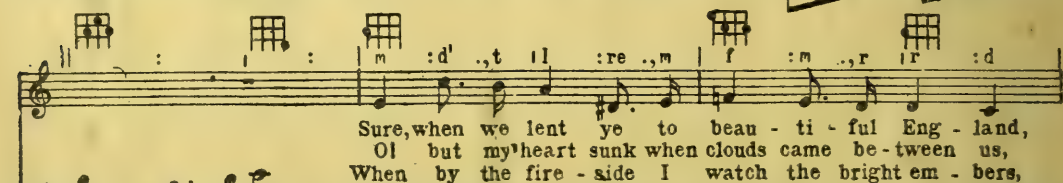
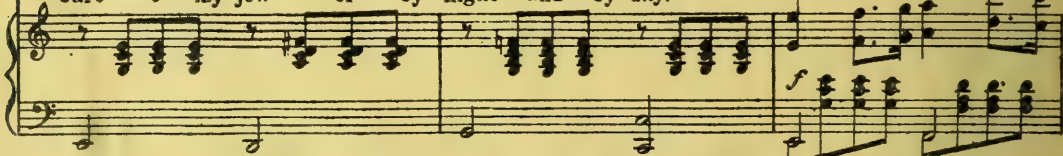
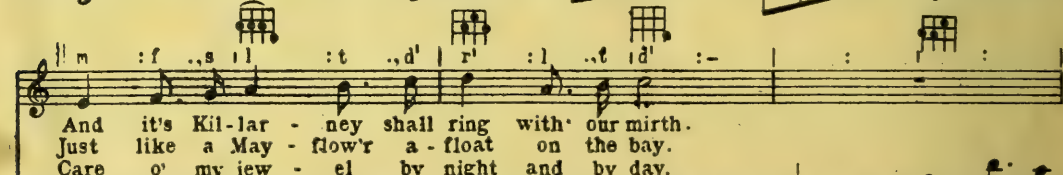
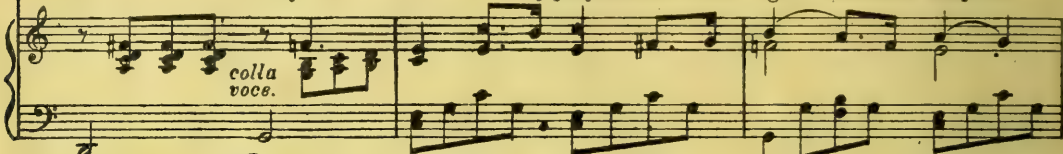
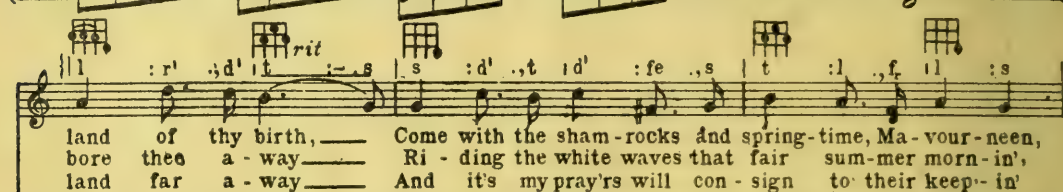
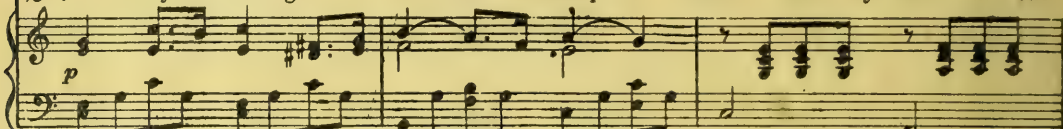
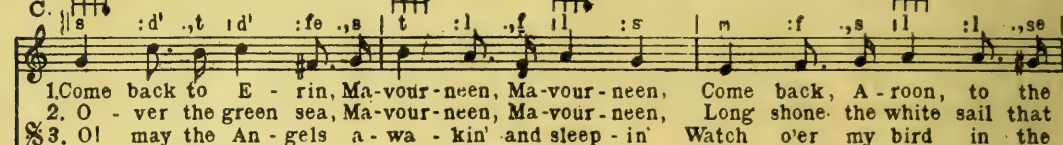
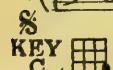
do not weep or sigh, - Lay your head up - on my breast, my blue-eyed I-rish boy.

COME BACK TO ERIN.

Written and Composed by
CLARIBEL.

Moderato.

sta



Lit - tle we thought of the lone win - ter days, Lit - tle we thought of the
 Like a grey cur - tain the rain fall - ing down, Hid from my sad eyes the
 Then all my heart flies to Eng - land and thee, Gra - vin' to know if my

hush of the star - shine O - ver the moun - tain, the buffs and the bays!
 path o'er the o - cean. Far, far a - way where my col - leen had flown. Then
 dar - lin' re - mem - bers, Or if her thoughts may be cross - in' to me.

Animato.
 come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, Come back again to the land of thy birth,

cresc. *molto cresc*
 Come back to E - rin, Ma - vour - neen, Ma - vour - neen, And it's Kil - lar - ney shall

ring with our mirth.

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

Tune Ukulele

Words and Music by
HENRY C. WORK.

In march time.

A musical score for "The Rose Tree". The title is written at the top left. Below it are two staves. The upper staff has a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a common time signature (C). It contains a melody with eighth notes and quarter notes. The lower staff has a bass clef, the same key signature, and common time. It provides harmonic support with chords and single notes. A dynamic marking of *f* (forte) appears below the first measure of the bass staff. The piece concludes with a double bar line.

Key B \flat

The first system of musical notation features a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody begins with a mezzo-forte (*mf*) dynamic marking. Above the staff, there are three chord symbols: F major (F-A-C), D minor (D-F-A), and G major (G-B-D). The notes on the staff correspond to these chords: F4, A4, C5 for the first; D4, F4, A4 for the second; and G4, B4, D5 for the third. The rhythm consists of eighth and sixteenth notes.

1. Bring the good old bu - gle, boys, we'll sing an - oth - er song,
2. How the dark - ies shout - ed when they heard the joy - ful sound;
3. Yes, and there were Un - ion men who wept with joy - ful tears,
4. "Sher - man's dash - ing Yank - ee boys will nev - er reach the coast,"
5. So we made a thor - ough - fare for Free - dom and her train.

Musical notation for the first system of 'L'Allegretto'. It features a treble clef, a key signature of one flat (B-flat), and a 3/4 time signature. The melody consists of eighth and quarter notes. Above the staff, there are three guitar chord diagrams: a D major chord (D, F#, A), a D major chord (D, F#, A), and a D major chord (D, F#, A). The lyrics below the staff are: m., f., : s., . s., | l., . s., : l., . d | r ., d : r . m | r : -

Sing it with a spir - it that will start the world a - long,
How the turk - eys gob - bled which our com - mis - sa - ry found;
When they saw ' the hon - oured flag they had not seen for years;
So the sauc - y reb - els said, and 'twas a hand - some boast;
Six - ty miles in lat - i - tude, three hun - dred to the main;

f d ., d : r . m | f . l, : l, . l, | s, , d . - : d ., r | m : -

Sing it as we used to sing it, fif - ty thous - and strong,
 How the sweet po - ta - toes ev - en start - ed from the ground,
 Hard - ly could they be res - trained from break - ing forth in cheers,
 Had they not for - got, a - las, to reck - on with the host,
 Trea - son fled be - fore us, for re - sist - ance was in vain,

OPEN

f r : r ., r | r . r : r | d : - | d : . . m | m : - ., m | m : - ., m | d ., d : d . l | d : - ., m |

CHORUS.

While we were marching thro' Geor - gi - a. Hur - rah, hur - rah, we bring the ju - bi - lee! Hur.

f m : - ., m | m : - ., m | r ., r : r . t, | r : - | d . d : r . m | f . l, : l, . l, |

rah, hur - rah, the flag that makes you free! So we sang the chor - us from At

resc.

lan - ta to the sea, While we were march - ing thro' Geor - gi - a.

ff

OPEN

f s, , d . - : d ., r | m : - | r : r ., r | r . r : r | d : - ., r | d : -

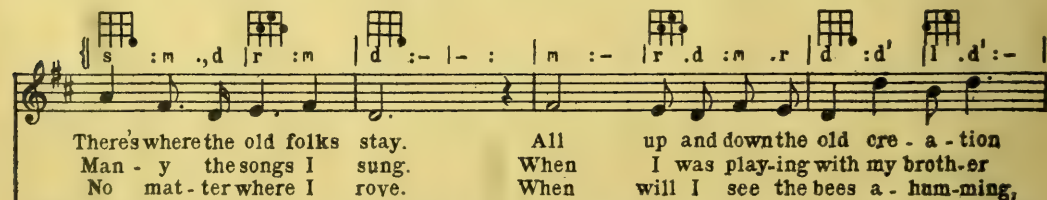
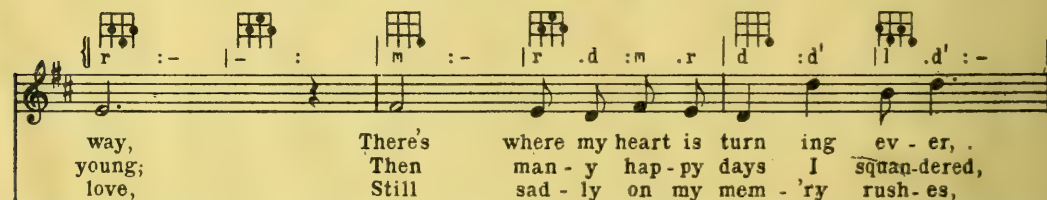
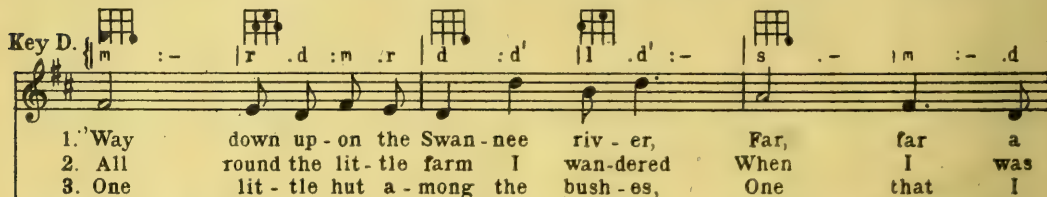
ff

D.C.

OLD FOLKS AT HOME.



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.



Sad - ly I roam, Still look-ing for the
Hap - py was I. Oh! take me to my
All round the comb? When will I hear the

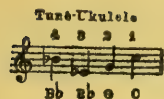
old plan - ta - tion, And for the old folks at home
kind old moth - er, There let me live and die!
ban - jo tum-ming, Down in my good old home?

CHORUS.

All the world is sad and drear-y, Ev - 'ry-where I roam.

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.

THE KEEL ROW.



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER

Brightly.

Key Bb.

1. Oh, who is like my John - nie, Sae leish, sae blythe, sae
 2. He has na mair o' learn - ing, Than tells his week - ly
 3. He wears a blue bon - net, Blue bon - net, blue

bon - nie! He's fore - most 'mang the mo - ny Keel
 earn - ing; Yet right frae wrang dis - cern - ing, Though
 bon - net, He wears a blue bon - net, A

lads o' coal - y Tyne. He'll set or row sae
 brave, nae bruis - er he. Though he no worth a
 dim ple's in his chin: And weel may the

tight ty. Or in the dance sae spright - ly, He'll
 plack is, His ain coat on his back - is, And
 keel row, The keel row, the keel - row, And

cut and shuf - fle sight - ly, 'Tis true, were he not mine.
 nane can say that black is The white o' John - nie's ee.
 weel - may the keel row, That my - lad's - in.

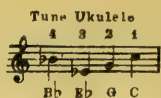
CHORUS.

Weel may the keel row, the keel row, the keel - row,

Weel may the keel row, That my - lad's - in.

SWEET GENEVIÈVE.

Written by
GEORGE COOPER.



Composed by
HENRY TUCKER.

Andante moderato.

The piano introduction consists of two systems of music. The first system is marked *p* (piano) and features a melody in the right hand with eighth and sixteenth notes, and a bass line in the left hand with eighth notes. The second system continues the melody and bass line, ending with a *Fine* marking.

Key Ab { :s: | m .,re :m :f | m .,re :r :s: | r .,de :r :m | r .d .l: :s: :s: |

1. O, Gen - e - viève, I'd give the world To live a - gain the love - ly past! The
2. Fair Gen - e - viève, My ear - ly love, The years but make thee dear - er far; My

The piano accompaniment for the first two lines of the song. It features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody includes a triplet of eighth notes in the final measure of the second line. The piece is marked *p* (piano).

m .,re :m :s | s .,fe :f :f | m .,re :m .s: - | r .,d :d :d |

rose of youth was dew - im - pearld But now it with - ers in the blast I
heart shall nev - er, nev - er rove: Thou art my on - ly guid - ing star. For

The piano accompaniment for the final line of the song. It continues the melody and bass line from the previous system, ending with a final chord in the right hand and a sustained bass note in the left hand.

see thy face in ev'-ry dream, My wak-ing thoughts are full of thee; Thy
me the past has no re-gret What-e'er the years may bring to me; I

glance is in the star-ry beam That falls a-long the sum-mer sea—
bless the hour when first we met The hour that gave me love and thee!

colla voce

CHORUS.

O, Gen-e-viève, sweet Gen-e-viève, The days may come, the days may go, But

still the hands of mem'-ry weave The bliss-ful dreams of long a-go.

colla voce

D.C.

I'LL TAKE YOU HOME AGAIN, KATHLEEN.

Written and Composed by
THOMAS P. WESTENDORP

Tano Ukulele.

4 8 3 1

6 C 3 4

Andante con espressione.

Musical score for piano accompaniment.

The musical score consists of two systems. The first system shows the piano introduction with a treble and bass staff. The second system includes the vocal melody line above the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

Key F: { s : - . m | f . r : l . fe | s : - | - : . m | m : - . r | de . r : m . , r

1. I'll take you home a - gain, Kath - leen,
2. I know you love me, Kath - leen dear,
3. To that dear home be - yond the sea

A - cross the o - cean wild and
Your heart was ev - er fond and
My Kath - leen shall a - gain re -

The image shows a page from a music book. At the top, there is a vocal melody line with lyrics. Above the notes are some musical notations: a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a time signature of 4/4. There are also some letters and symbols above the notes: 'd', 's', 'm', 'f', 'r', 'l', 'fe', 's', 'C.t.'. The lyrics are: 'wide, To where your heart has ev - er been, Since true, I al - ways feel when you are near That turn, And when thy old friends wel - come thee, Thy'. Below the vocal line is a piano accompaniment line, consisting of a treble and bass clef. The piano part features a melody in the right hand and a bass line in the left hand. The melody in the right hand is a simple, flowing line, while the bass line provides a steady accompaniment. The page is numbered '10' in the bottom right corner.

wide, To where your heart has ev - er been, Since
true, I al - ways feel when you are near That
turn, And when thy old friends wel - come thee, Thy

first you were my bon-ny bride. The ro - ses all have left your
 life holds no - thing dear but you. The smiles that once you gave to
 lov - ing heart will cease to yearn. Where laughs the lit - tle sil - ver

cheek, me, stream, I've watched them fade a-way and die;
I scarce-ly ev-er see them now, Be-side your moth-ers hum-ble cot, Your Though And

voice is sad when-er you speak, ma-ny, ma-ny times I see bright-est rays of sun-shine gleam, And tears be-dim your lov-ing eyes.
A dark-'ning sha-dow on your brow. There all your grief will be for-got.

CHORUS.

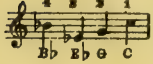
Oh! I will take you back, Kath-leen, To where your heart will feel no pain, And

when the fields are fresh and green, I'll take you to your home a-gain! —

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER

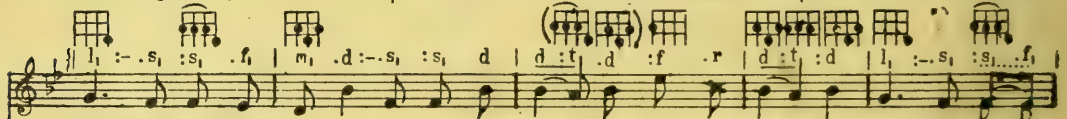
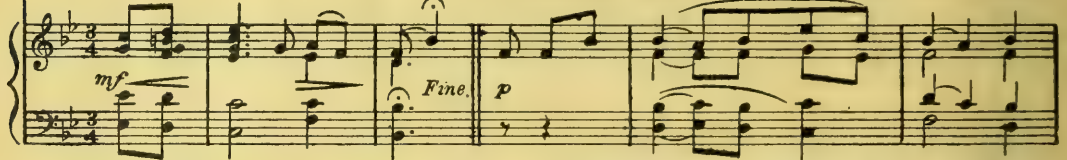
Tune Ukulele

*Andante moderato.*

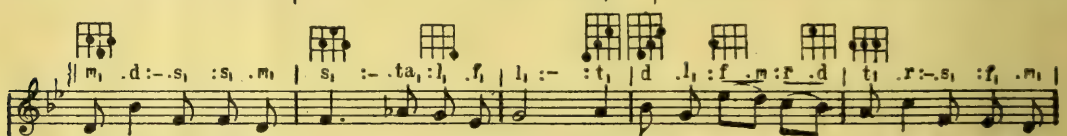
KEY Bb. ||

: .s₁ : s₁ .d | d : t₁ .d : f .r | d : t₁ : d |

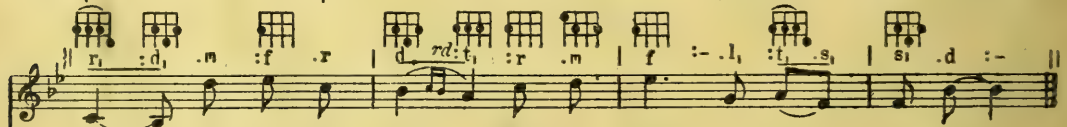
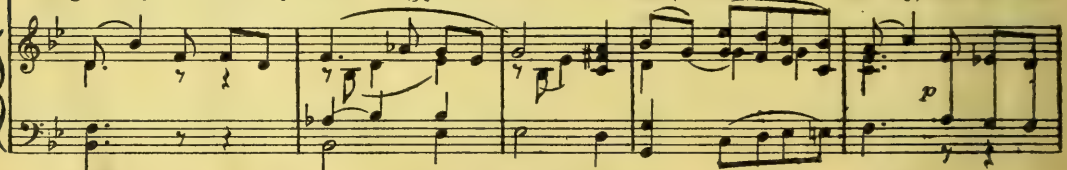
1. Of all the girls— that are so smart, There's
2. Of all the days— that's in the week, I
3. My mas-ter and— the neigh-bours all— Make



none like pret-ty Sal-ly; She is the dar-ling of my heart, And lives in our
dear-ly love but one day, And that's the day— that comes be-tween A Sat-ur-day and
game of me and Sai-ly; And but for her— I'd bet-ter be— A slave and row a



al-ley. There is no la- dy in the land That's half so sweet as— Sal-ly; She is the
Mon-day; For then I'm drest all in my best, To walk a-broad with Sal-ly; She is the
gal-ley. But when my seven long years are out Oh then, I'll mar-ry— Sal-ly; She is the



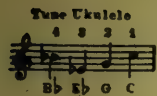
dar-ling of my heart— And she lives in our— al-ley—
dar-ling of my heart— And she lives in our— al-ley—
dar-ling of my heart— And she lives in our— al-ley—



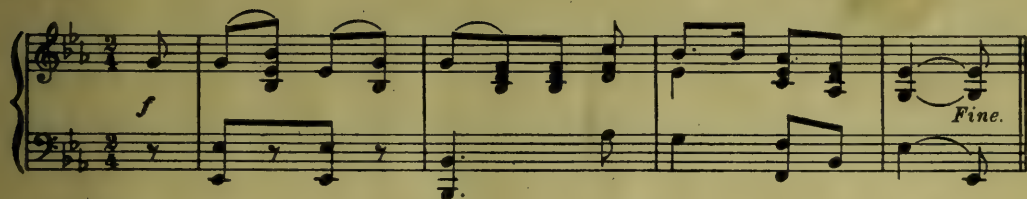
D.C.

SO EARLY IN DE MORNING.

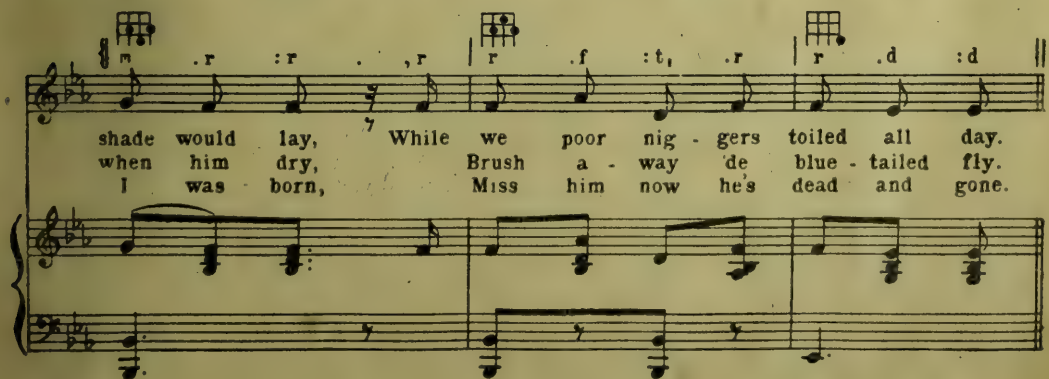
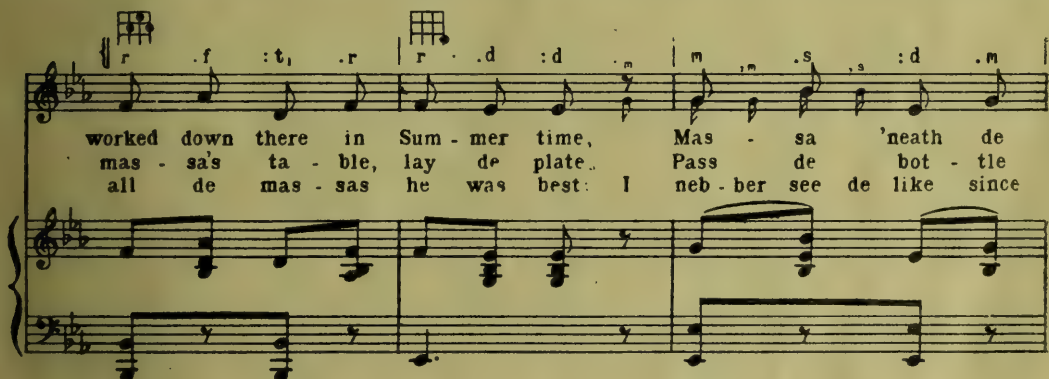
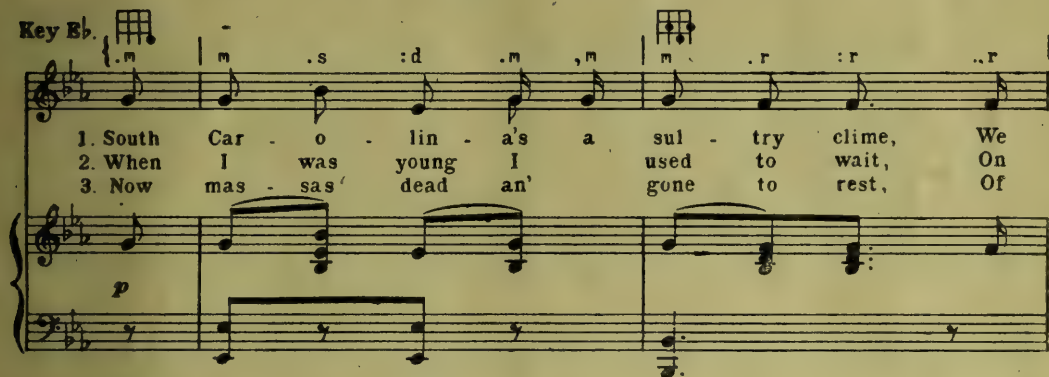
31



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.



Key Bb.



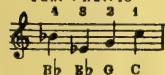
CHORUS.

So— ear - ly in de morn - ing, So— ear - ly in de morn - ing, So—
ear - ly in de morn - ing, Be - fore de break of day.

DC.

CAMPTOWN RACES.

Tune Ukulele



Words and Music by
STEPHEN C. POSTER.

Allegro moderato.

Key Eb.

1. De Camp-town la - dies sing dis song,
2. De long-tail fil - ly and de big black hoss,
3. Old mule - y cow came on de track,
4. See dem fly - in' on a ten-mile heat,

Chorus *f* Solo *mf* Chorus *f*

Doo-dah! Doo-dah! De Camp-town race-track five miles long, Doo-dah! doo-dah
Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Dey fly de track and dey both cut a-cross, Doo-dah! doo-dah
Doo-dah! Doo-dah! De bob-tail fling her ob - er his back, Doo-dah! doo-dah
Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Round de race-track, den re - peat, Doo-dah! doo-dah

Solo 33

Solo *mf* Chorus Solo *mf*

day! I came down dah wid my hat caved in, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I
 day! De blind hoss stick-in' in a big mud hole, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! Can't
 day! Den fly a-long like a rail-road ear, Doo-dah! Doo-dah!
 day! I win my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Doo-dah! Doo-dah! I

go back home wid a pock-et full of tin, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!
 touch de bot-tom wid a ten-foot pole, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!
 Run-nin' a race wid a shoot-in' star, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!
 keep my mon-ey in an old tow bag, Doo-dah! doo-dah day!

CHORUS.

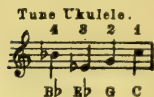
Gwine to run all night! Gwine to run all day! I'll

bet my mon-ey on de bob-tail nag, Some-bod-y bet on de bay.

Fine.
A

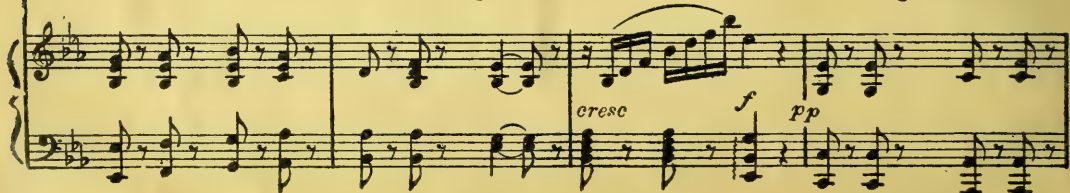
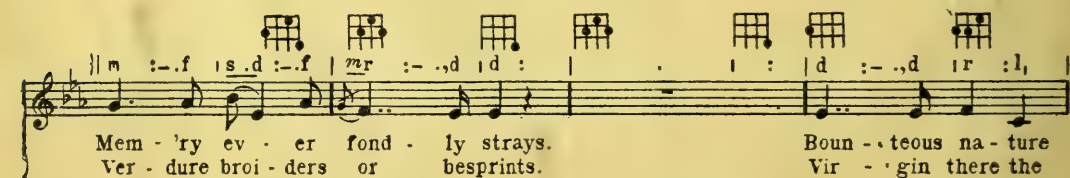
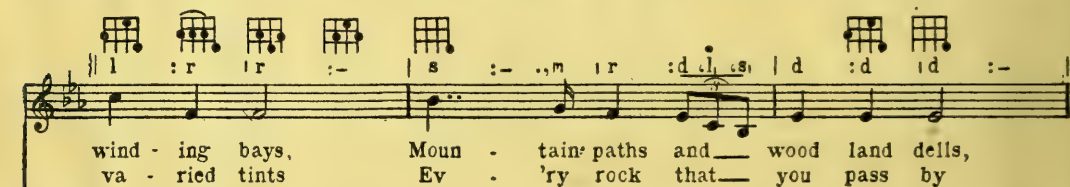
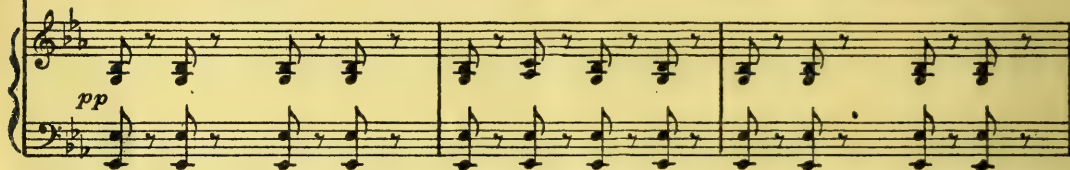
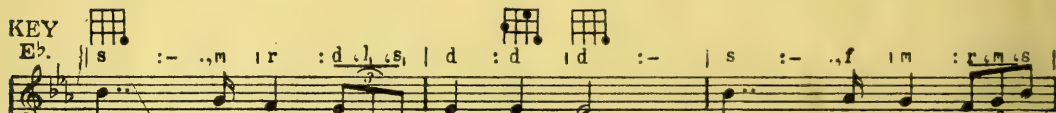
KILLARNEY.

Written by
E. FALCONER



Composed by
M. W. BALFE.

Moderato.



loves all lands, Beau - ty wan - ders ev - 'ry - where, Foot - prints leaves on
green grass grows, Ev - 'ry morn Spring's na - tal - day; Bright hued ber - ries

ma - ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
daff the snows, Smil - ing Win - ter's frown a - way.

ma - ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
daff the snows, Smil - ing Win - ter's frown a - way.

ma - ny strands, But her home is sure - ly there!
daff the snows, Smil - ing Win - ter's frown a - way.

An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den
An - gels oft - en paus - ing there Doubt if E - den

An - gels fold their wings and rest In that E - den
An - gels oft - en paus - ing there Doubt if E - den

of the west; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.

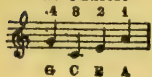
of the west; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.

of the west; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.
were more fair; Beau - ty's home, Kil - lar - ney, Heav'n's re - flex, Kil - lar - ney.

LOCH LOMOND.

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

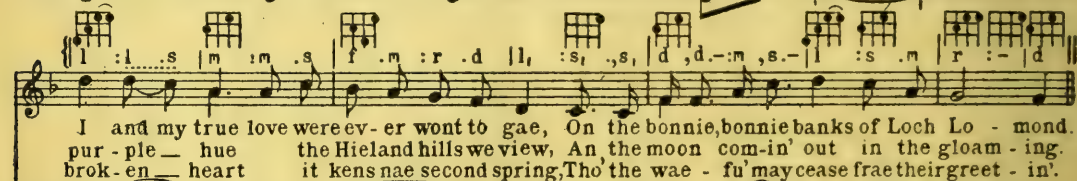
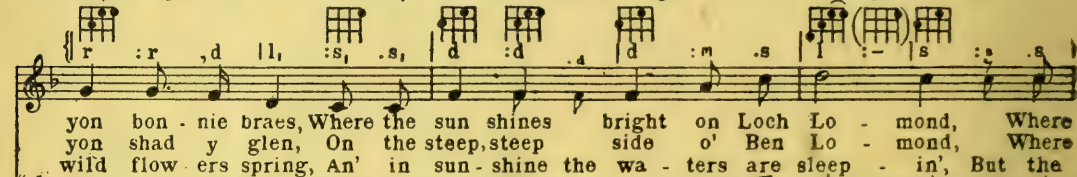
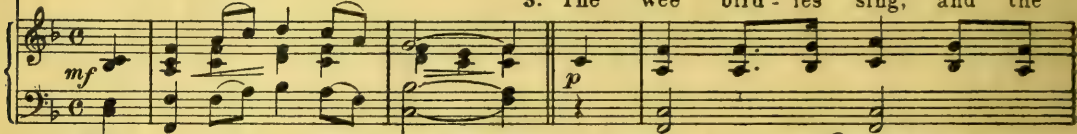
Tune Ukulele

*Andante moderato.*

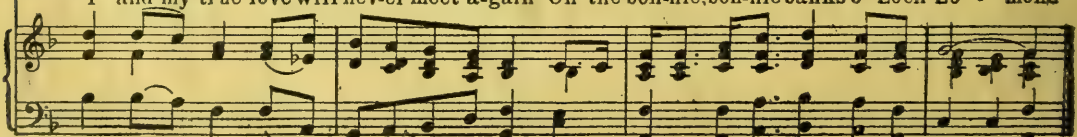
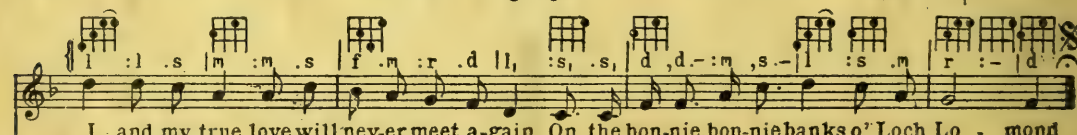
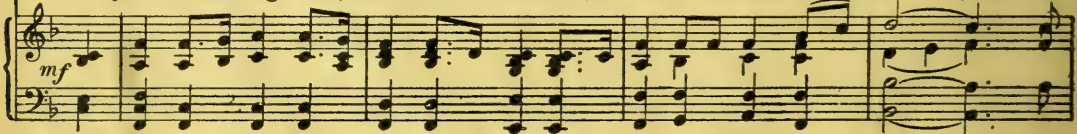
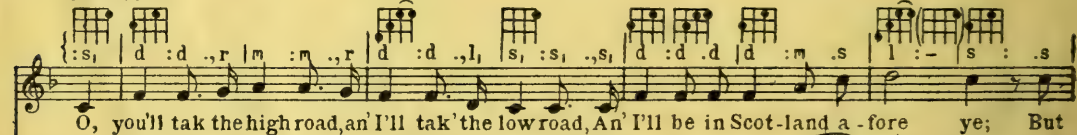
Key F.



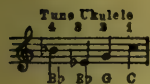
1. By yon bon - nie banks and by
2. 'Twas there that we pairt - ed in
3. The wee bird - ies sing, and the



CHORUS.



THE MINSTREL BOY.



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Moderato.

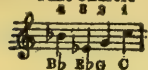
KEY Eb: s, d :-r if.m:r.d | m :s id' :t .d' |

1. The Min-strel boy to the war is gone, In the
2. The Min-strel fell, but the foe-man's chain Could not

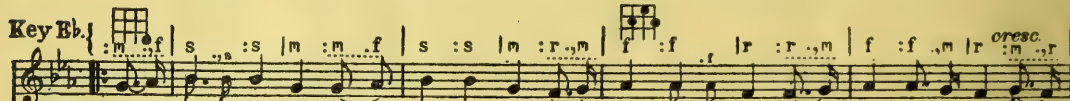
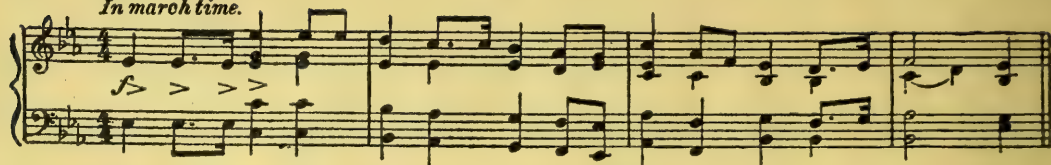
ranks of death you'll find him; His fa-ther's sword he has gird-ed on, And his
bring his proud soul un-der; The harp he loved ne'er spoke a-gain, For he

wild harp slung be-hind him, "Land of song" said the war-rior bard, "Tho' all the world be-
tore its chords a-sun-der, And said, "No chain shall sul-ly thee, Thou soul of love and

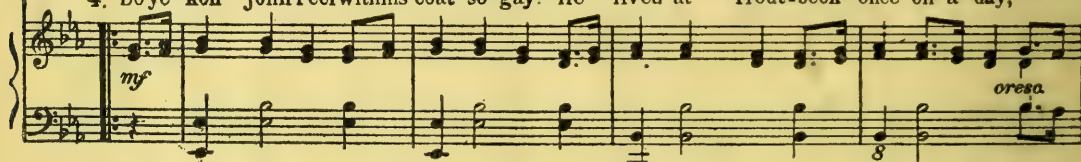
trays thee, One sword at least, thy rights shall guard, One faith-ful heart shall praise thee!"
brav-er-y! Thy songs were made for the pure and free, They ne'er shall sound in slav-er-y!"



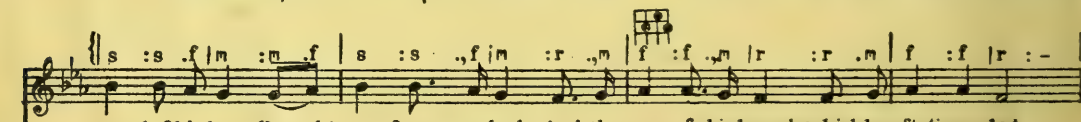
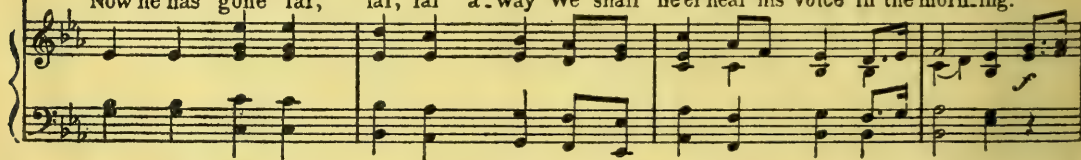
JOHN PEEL.

In march time.

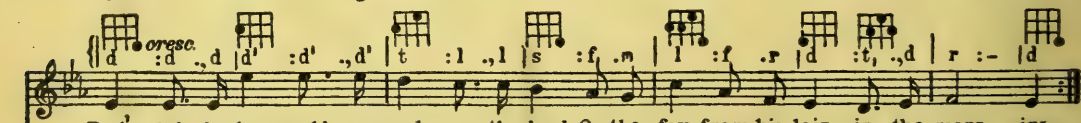
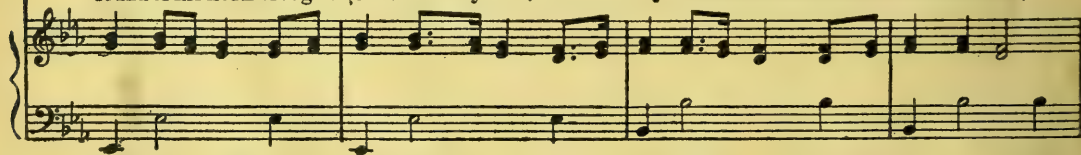
1. Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay, Do ye ken John Peel at the break of the day, Do ye
2. Yes, I ken John Peel and Ru - by too, Ran - ter and Ring - wood, Bell - man and True, From a
3. Then heres to John Peel from my heart and soul, Let's drink to his health, let's fin - ish the bowl. We'll
4. Do ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay? He lived at Trout - beck once on a day,



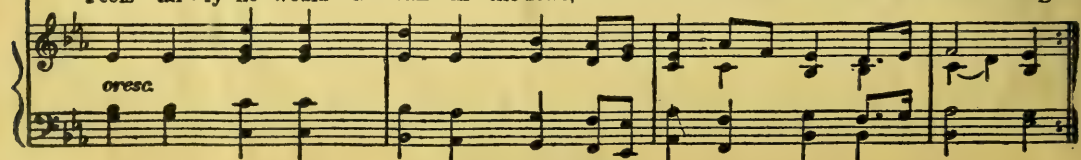
ken John Peel when he's far, far a - way, With his hounds and his horn in the morn - ing?
 find to a check from a check to a view, From a view to a death in the morn - ing. For the
 follow John Peel through fair and thro' foul, If we want a good hunt in the morn - ing.
 Now he has gone far, far, far a - way We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morn - ing.



sound of his horn brought me from my bed, And the cry of his hounds which he oft - times led;



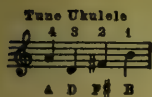
Peel's tal - ly - ho would a - wak - en the dead, Or the fox from his lair in the morn - ing



HEARTS OF OAK.

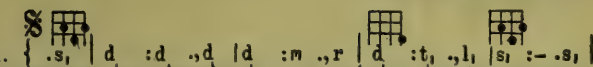
39

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

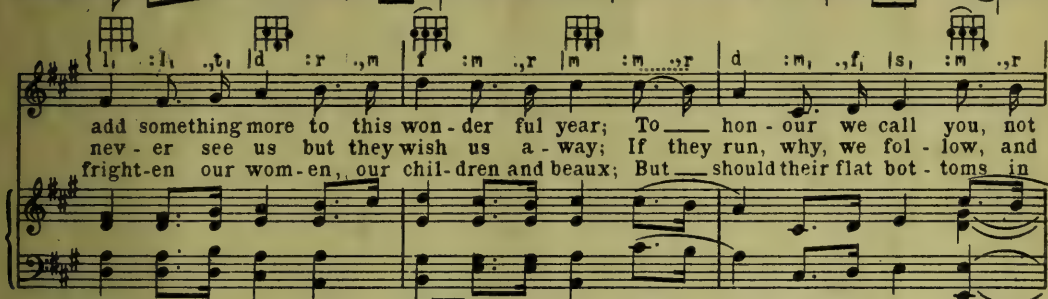
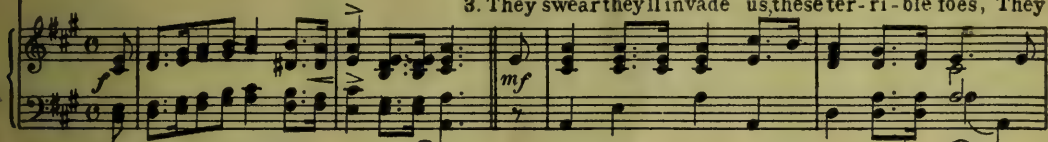


With a swing.

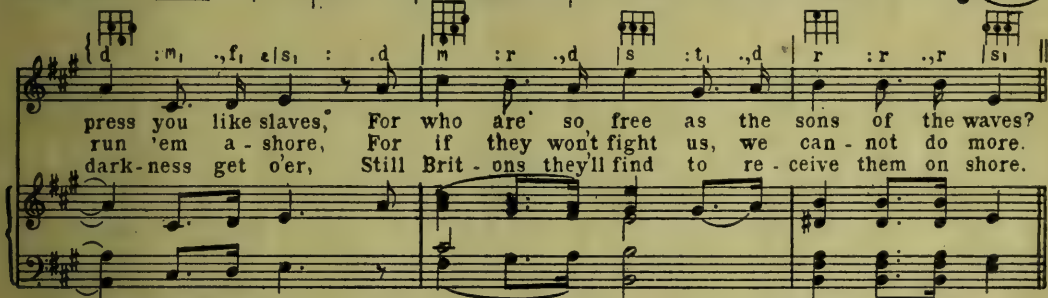
Key A.



1. Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glor-y westeer, To
2. We ne'er see our foes but we wish 'em to stay, They
3. They swear they'll invade us, these ter-ri-ble foes, They

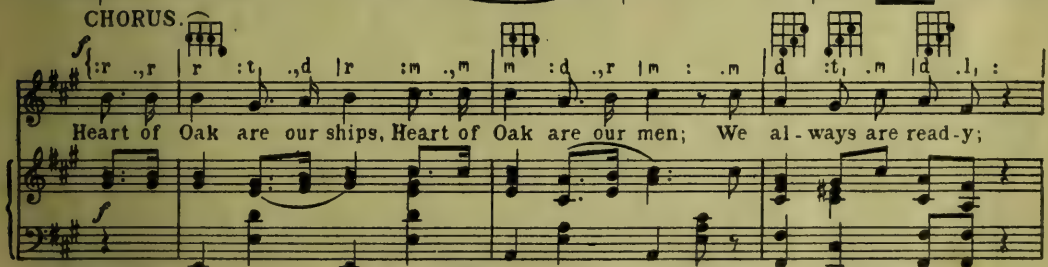


add something more to this won-der-ful year; To hon-our we call you, not
nev-er see us but they wish us a-way; If they run, why, we fol-low, and
fright-en our wom-en, our chil-dren and beaux; But should their flat bot-toms in

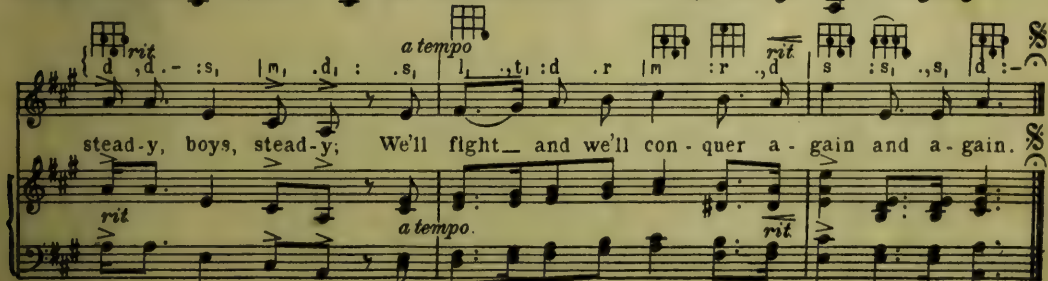


press you like slaves, For who are so free as the sons of the waves?
run 'em a-shore, For if they won't fight us, we can-not do more.
dark-ness get o'er, Still Brit-ons they'll find to re-ceive them on shore.

CHORUS.



Heart of Oak are our ships, Heart of Oak are our men; We al-ways are read-y;

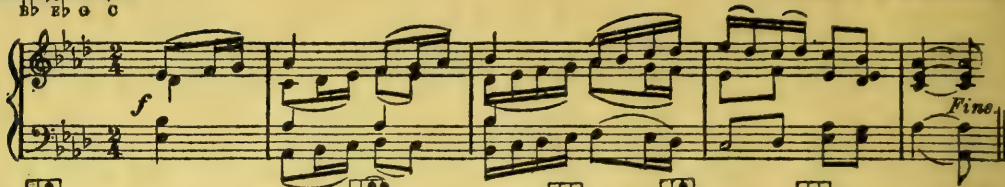
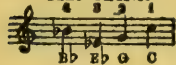


stead-y, boys, stead-y; We'll fight and we'll con-quer a-gain and a-gain.

THE BAY OF BISCAI

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER

Tune Ukulele



KEY



Ap. | s₁ | s₁ . d : d . m | d : l₁ t₁ d | r . m : r . d . t₁ l₁ | s₁ : . m₁ f₁ |

1. Loud roars the dread-ful thun-der, The rain a de-luge show'rs; The
2. Now dashed up on the bil-low, Our op-'ning tim-bers creak, Each
3. Her yield-ing tim-bers sev-er, Her pitch-y seams are rent; When

s₁ . d : d . m | d : l₁ t₁ d | r . m : r . d . t₁ l₁ | s₁ : . d t₁ |

clouds are rent a-sun-der By—light-ning's viv-id—pow'rs. The—
fears a wa-try pil-low, None stop the dread-ful leak. To—
Heav'n all boun-teous ev-er, Its bound-less mer-cy—sent. A—

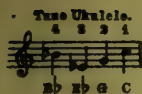
l₁ . s₁ : f₁ m₁ | r₁ : l₁ | r . m : f . m . r . d | d . t₁ : s₁ l₁ t₁ |

night both drear and dark, Our poor de-vo-ted—bark—Till next
cling to slip-p'ry shrouds Each breath-less sea-man—crowds. As she—
sail in sight ap-pears, We hail her with three cheers Now we—

d : l₁ . t₁ d | r : d . r . m . f | s . f . m . f : m . r | d

day there she—lay In—the Bay of—Bis-cay, O.
lay till the—day In—the Bay of—Bis-cay, O.
sail with the—gale From the—Bay of—Bis-cay, O.

GOOD NIGHT, LADIES!



Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Moderately quick.

Key Bb.



smoothly



- (Men) 1. Good-night, lad - ies! — Good - night,
(Women) 2. Fare - well lad - dies! — Fare - well
(Men) 3. Sweet dreams, lad ies! — Sweet dreams,

lad - ies! — Good - night lad - ies! — We're goin' to leave you now.
lad - dies! — Fare - well lad - dies! — You're goin' to leave us now.
lad - ies! — Sweet dreams, lad - ies! — We're goin' to leave you now.

CHORUS.

Brightly.

Mer - ri - ly we they roll a - long, Roll a - long, Roll a - long,

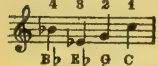
Mer - ri - ly we they roll a - long, O'er the dark blue sea.

"ABIDE WITH ME."

W. H. MONK.

Tune Ukulele

4 3 2 1



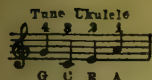
Key Eb.

First system of music. Treble and bass staves with chords and lyrics. Chords are indicated by letters m, r, d, s, l, f, and t. Lyrics are: 1. A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en tide; 2. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass - ing hour; 3. I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;

Second system of music. Treble and bass staves with chords and lyrics. Chords are indicated by letters m, r, d, s, l, f, and t. Lyrics are: The dark - ness deep - ens, Lord, with me a - bide! What but Thy grace can foil the tempt - er's pow'r? Iils have no weight, and tears no bit - ter - ness;

Third system of music. Treble and bass staves with chords and lyrics. Chords are indicated by letters m, r, d, s, l, f, and t. Lyrics are: When oth - er help - ers fail, and com - forts flee, Who like Thy self my guide and stay can be? Where is death's sting? Where, grave, thy vic - tor - y?

Fourth system of music. Treble and bass staves with chords and lyrics. Chords are indicated by letters m, r, d, s, l, f, and t. Lyrics are: Help of the help - less, O a - bide with me! Through cloud and sun - shine, O a - bide with me! I tri - umph still, if Thou a - bide with me!



"O GOD, OUR HELP IN AGES PAST"

43

W. CROFT

Key C. {s :d :l :s :d' :d' :t :d' || s :d' :s :l :fe :s :- |

{d :d :d :d :m :r :r :m || m :m :m :m :r :r :- |

1. Oh God, our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,
 2. Be - neath the shad - ow of the throne Thy saints have dwelt se - cure;
 3. Time, like an ev - er roll - ing stream, Bears all its sons a - way;
 4. O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come,

{m :s :l :d' :d' :l :s :s || d' :d' :t :l :l :t :- |

{d :d :f :m :l :f :s :d || d :l :m :d :r :s :- |

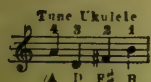
{t :d' :l :r' :t :d' :l :t || s :l :d' :r' :t :d' :- |

{r :m :d :f :r :m :-r :t || d :l :d' :r' :r :m :- |

Our shel - ter from the storm - y blast, And our e - ter - nal home.
 Suf - fi - cient is thine arm a - lone, And our de - fence is sure.
 They fly for - got - ten, as a dream Dies at the op - 'ning day.
 Be thou our guard while trou - bles last, And our e - ter - nal home!

{s :s :l :l :s :s :l :se || s :f :s :l :s :s :- |

{d :f :r :s :d :f :m || m :r :d :f :s :d :- |



"GLORY TO THEE, MY GOD."

T. TALLIS.

Key G. {d :d :t :d :d :r :r :m || d :f :f :m :m :r :r :d ||

{s :s :s :m :s :l :s :s || d :l :t :d :s :l :s :s ||

1. Glo - ry to Thee, my God, this night For all the bless - ings of the light;
 2. For - give me, Lord, for Thy dear Son, The ill that I this day have done,
 3. Teach me to live, that I may dread The grave as lit - tle as my bed;
 4. Praise God from Whom all bless - ings flow, Praise Him all crea - tures here be - low,

{m :r :r :d :d :d :t :d || d :r :r :m :d :f :f :m ||

{d :s :s :l :m :f :s :d || m :r :r :d :d :d :t :d ||

{s :f :f :m :m :r :r :d || s :l :t :d :m :r :r :d ||

{d :l :s :s :s :l :t :d || d :l :s :m :s :f :r :m ||

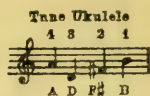
Keep me, O keep me, King of Kings, Be - neath Thy own Al - migh - ty wings,
 That with the world, my self and Thee, ere I sleep, at peace may be,
 Teach me to die, that so I may, Rise glo - rious at the aw - ful day.
 Praise Him a - bove, An - gel - ic host, Praise Fa - ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

{m :r :r :d :s :f :r :m || m :r :r :d :s :l :t :d ||

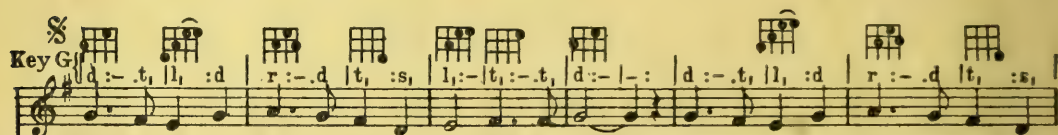
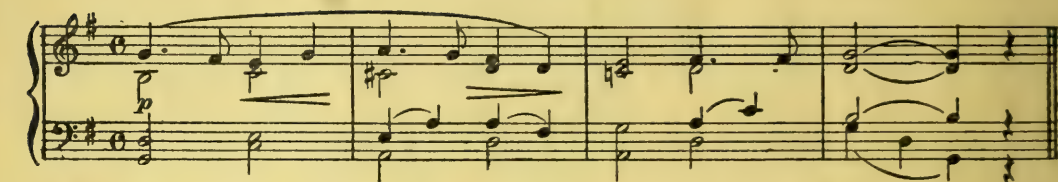
{d :r :t :d :d :f :s :d || m :f :s :l :m :f :s :d ||

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT.

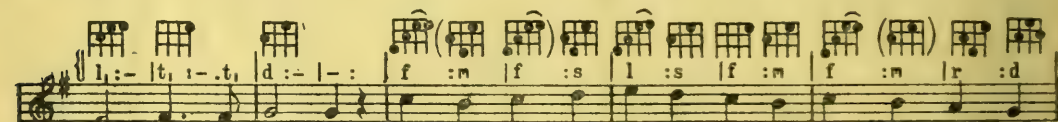
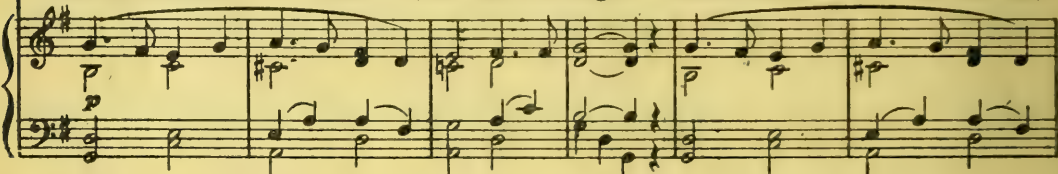
Words by
REG LOW.



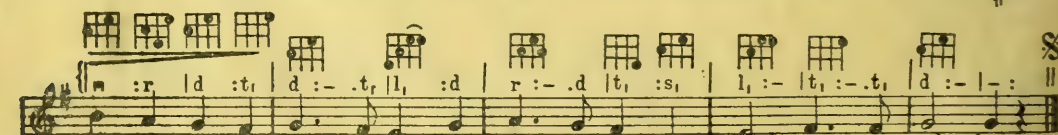
Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.



1. Dark-ness with its man-tle hides us, All thro' the night. Till we find one star that guides us,
2. Fears and troubles oft as-sail us, All thro' the night. Shine, O Star, and do not fail us,



All thro' the night. Star of Hope for ev-er peep-ing Whilst the world is
All thro' the night. Though our foot-steps may be wea-ry And our road seems



hushed and sleep-ing And the hours are slow-ly creep-ing All through the night.—
long and drea-ry, Hope e-ter-nal keeps us cheer-y All through the night.—

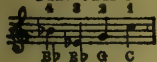


THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

45

Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Fine Chorus



KEY Eb

% quasi recit.

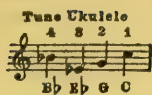
1. I'll sing to you a good old song, 'Twas
2. His Hall so old, was hung a-bout With
3. His cus-tom was, when Christmas came, To
4. But time, tho'sweet, is strong in flight, And

made by a good old pate, Of a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man Who had an old es-tate; And who
pikes and guns and bows, And sword and good old buck-lers Which had stood a-gainst old foes; 'Twas
bid his friends re-pair To his old hall, where feast and ball For them he did pre-pare; And
years roll swift-ly by; And Au-tumn's fall-ing leaves proclaim'd This good old man must die. He

kept up his old man-sion At a boun-ti-ful old rate, With a good old port-er to re-lieve The
there "His Wor-ship" sat in state In doubt-let and trunk-hose, And quaff'd his cup of good old sack, To
tho' the rich he en-ter-tain'd, He ne'er for-got the poor; Nor were there an-y des-ti-tute E'er
laid him down right tran-quil-ly Gave up life's lat-est sigh, A mourn-ful si-lence reign'd a-round, And

old poor at his gate. Like a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.
warm his good old nose, Like a fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.
driv-en from the door Of this good old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.
tears be-dew'd each eye For this fine old Eng-lish Gen-tle-man, One of the old-en time.

RIO GRANDE.



New Version by J.A.
Arranged by HENRY E. PETHER.

With a swing. Key Eb. *mf* *CHORUS*

1. A ship went a-sail-ing out of the West. A-way Ri-
2. Now where are you goin' to my pret-ty maid? A-way Ri-

SOLO *mf* *CHORUS*

o, With all of the friends we love the best. All bound for the Ri-o
o, Oh, where are you goin' to my pret-ty maid? I'm bound for the Ri-o

Grande.. A-way Ri-o! A-way Ri-o! Sing
Grande.. A-way Ri-o! A-way Ri-o! Sing

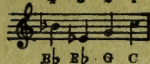
fare you well my bon-nie young girl, For we're bound for the Ri-o Grande..
fare you well my bon-nie young girl, For we're bound for the Ri-o Grande..

SHENANDOAH.

Original Version by
REG LOW.

Tune Ukulele.

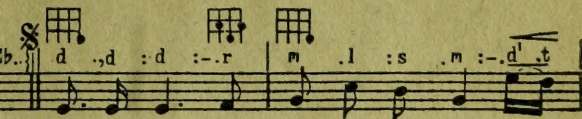
4 3 2 1



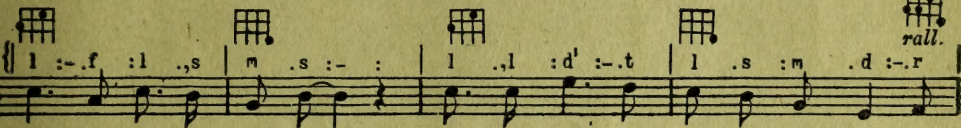
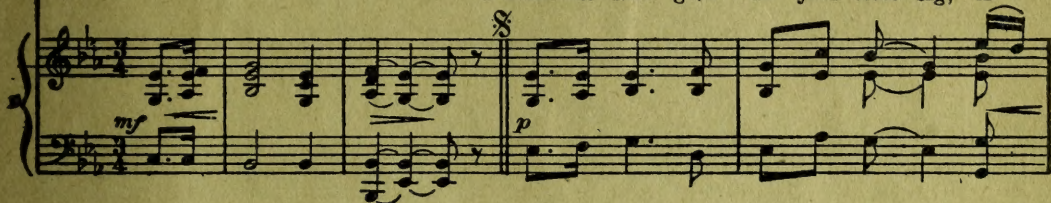
Arranged by
HENRY E. PETHER.

Slow.

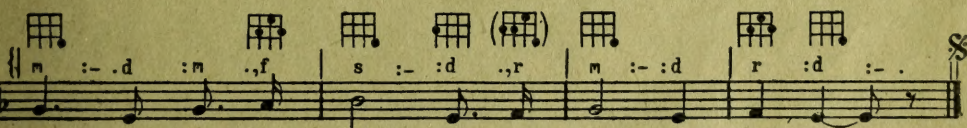
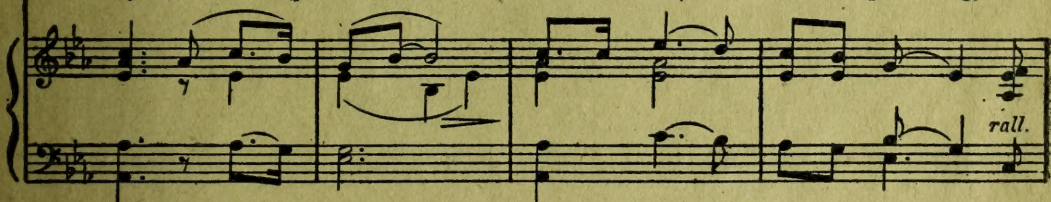
KEY Eb.



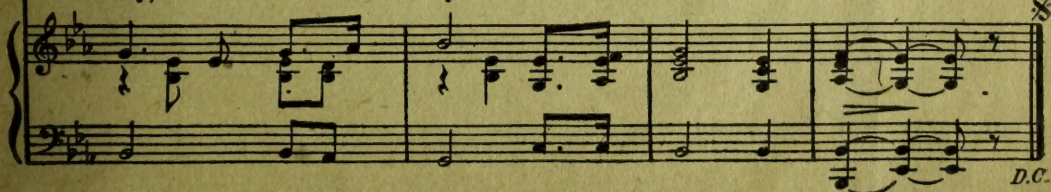
1 Shen-an-doah, I love your daugh-ter; A -
2 Shen-an-doah, I've come to take her, A -
3 Shen-an-doah my boat is read-y, A -
4 Shen-an-doah give us your bless-ing, A -



way you roll-ing riv-er_ Shen-an-doah, so long I've sought her, A -
way you roll-ing riv-er_ Shen-an-doah, my bride I'll make her, A -
way you roll-ing riv-er_ Sheets are braced all taut and stead-y, A -
way you roll-ing riv-er_ We must sail, for time is press-ing, A -



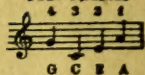
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri._
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri._
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri._
way, we're bound a - way 'Cross the wide Mis - sou - ri._



AULD LANG SYNE.

Words by
ROBERT BURNS.

Tune Ukulele

*Moderato.*

Key F.



1. Should auld ac-quaint-ance
2. We twa ha'e run a -
3. And here's a hand, my
4. And sure - ly yo'll be

be for-got, And ney - er brought to min'? Should auld ac-quaint-ance
 bout the braes, And pud the gow - ans fine; But we've wan - der'd mony a
 trust - y frien; And gie's a hand o' thine, And we'll tak' a richt guid
 your pint-stoup, And sure - ly I'll be mine, And we'll tak' a cup o'

CHORUS.

be for-got, And days o' lang - syne?
 wea - ry fit, Sin' auld - lang - syne. For auld lang syne, my dear, For
 wil - lie waught For auld - lang - syne.
 kind - ness yet For auld - lang - syne.

auld - lang - syne; We'll tak' a cup o' kind-ness yet For auld - lang - syne!

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COMRADES
GOOD-BYE-EE
ROAST BEEF OF OLD ENGLAND

SILVER THREADS AMONGST THE
GOLD
JOHN BROWN'S BODY
POOR OLD JOE
COMING THRO' THE RYE
GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME
TRAMP, TRAMP, TRAMP, THE
BOYS ARE MARCHING
MEN OF HARLECH
SWING LOW SWEET CHARIOT
BLOW THE MAN DOWN
COCKLES AND MUSSELS
DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE
EYES
WIDDICOMBE FAIR

LAST ROSE OF SUMMER
HARP THAT ONCE
WHEN JOHNNY COMES
MARCHING HOME
COCK ROBIN
COME LANDLORD FILL THE
FLOWING BOWL
TAVERN IN THE TOWN
OH DEM GOLDEN SLIPPERS
ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE
DEEP
NEARER MY GOD TO THEE
O COME ALL YE FAITHFUL
GOD BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES

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